

THE INVISIBLE HAND.

Who can trace out the sprouting of a thought
 From farthest finest root to highest bud?
 Where can the potent energy be sought
 That moulds our being into bad or good?

Behind the veil unseen there moves a hand
 Which guides the downy snowflakes' silent flight,
 And moulds the destiny our wills command,
 And shapes the gloomy darkness and the light.

It moves the stars, this mighty universe,
 And makes the lily smile. It moves the soul,
 We watch the currents flowing—not the source
 Beyond us lying in the perfect Whole.

Where stubborn Logic plows or Fancy plays,
 Or tides of passion in their fullness rage,
 A potent Presence moulds the marching days,
 Directs the genius and inspires the sage.

We are but factors in a mighty plan,
 Or picture formed in God's creative mind,
 Which Satan ever darkens where he can,
 And paints unwittingly the shades designed

To emphasize the beauties, manifest
 That dying love which, otherwise concealed,
 Displays in full Divine perfections best
 Of all the marvels that have been revealed.

And what though darkness gather overhead,
 The thunder roll, forked lightning cleave the sky,
 Wolves howl, earth tremble, and a nameless dread
 Oppress my wounded soul nor refuge nigh?—

In this my stay, I am not here alone,
 One part is mine, the other half divine;
 The laws inexorable are His own,
 The guiding Hand behind them is benign.

A. D. McNEILL.

Orangedale, C.B.

TO A MOTH.

You velvet thing! born in the russet cranies
 Of distant fields, by stealthy waters flooded,
 Child of the dust and air, of shade and star,
 Blind in the bustle and the glare of day,
 Yet filled to agony with mute desire
 For glory, and the torrid red of fire—
 My little candle has entranced thee here!
 Where first your filmy wings began to whirl
 In impotent young strivings in the dark,
 The curling hearts of ferns kept daylight out,
 And mosses prinked the wan anemones
 In powdered fringes, cinnamon and green.
 Alone, the glowworm on his restless round,
 Pulsed out his dusky fires on summer eves
 Within thy tasselled bowers, and lit the walls
 With all his golden innocence of flame.
 Here swung the tocsin of the bluebell out,
 And all the tortile creepers waved their flags
 Thick with the tumid dews of wells, unseen
 Yet heating, in the green old breast of earth.
 Alas! what beggar fancy waved you here,
 From perfumed deeps of coolness to the haunt
 Of hot, dry human life? Go back! go back!
 Light spirit of air, nor linger spinning here,
 Within the splendent circle's witching spell.
 Go back again, nor listen to the strain
 Of syren music swung from out the bell
 Of the quiet, dangerous flame! 'Tis lovely death
 Who sits within and waits thy dainty coming,
 And in a moment ere thou canst retreat
 Will suck thy soul within to leave thee here
 A bit of dust—to be blown away by a breath.

D. B. N.—.

CONTRIBUTED.

IMPRESSIONS OF QUEEN'S.

BY A GRADUATE OF M'GILL.

YOU have asked me, Mr. Editor, to give some impressions of Queen's from a McGill standpoint. This I feel reluctant to do, as it implies more or less comparison, which may be distasteful to devotees of these institutions. Further, it is some seven years since I attended McGill, and in that time there have been great changes there, as well as here, so that I may not see Queen's now as a McGill student of '95 would see her, and thus may not do justice to my Alma Mater. However,

"My grandsire drew a good long-bow at Hastings."

In this paper, then, I am an Arts student of McGill looking at Queen's, especially as she is seen in her Arts Faculty, for I do not know much about the other faculties in either university.

To the undergraduates of McGill—as well as to those of any other university—in the glamour of their first love there is no university like their Alma Mater. They love her with a more or less blind devotion, and are willing to take the lists on her behalf, against all comers. Her professors are unexcelled, her curriculum the most difficult, her degrees the most valuable, her graduates the most distinguished, and her undergraduates certainly the *elite* of the earth. The only institution of its kind in the Dominion that a McGill student would class at all with his Alma Mater is Toronto University, and that, I suppose, because it is in some respects similarly situated to McGill; and because its students, more than those of any other university, are in touch with McGill students—through an annual football match, an annual debate, and annual dinners. In all of these McGill has learned to respect the powers of the 'Varsity man. But still, it is quite clear to a McGill undergraduate that his university can knock Toronto out, though she has Ontario at her back. As for Queen's, the fact that McGill is an older, larger and wealthier university in a larger city, is ground sufficient for considering her the superior university. Sometimes it happens, also, that a man who has been unfortunate in his sessional exams. disappears from McGill never to return, and when enquiry is made it is learned that he has gone to Queen's. This is the "retort courteous," Mr. Editor, to what might be interpreted as an insinuation in a late number of the JOURNAL.

But this is Queen's from the outside. Perhaps the first thing that impresses a McGill man on beginning work at Queen's is that it is a larger and better university than he thought it was, and this impression grows. The Arts building, though perhaps not so large as the one at McGill, is better